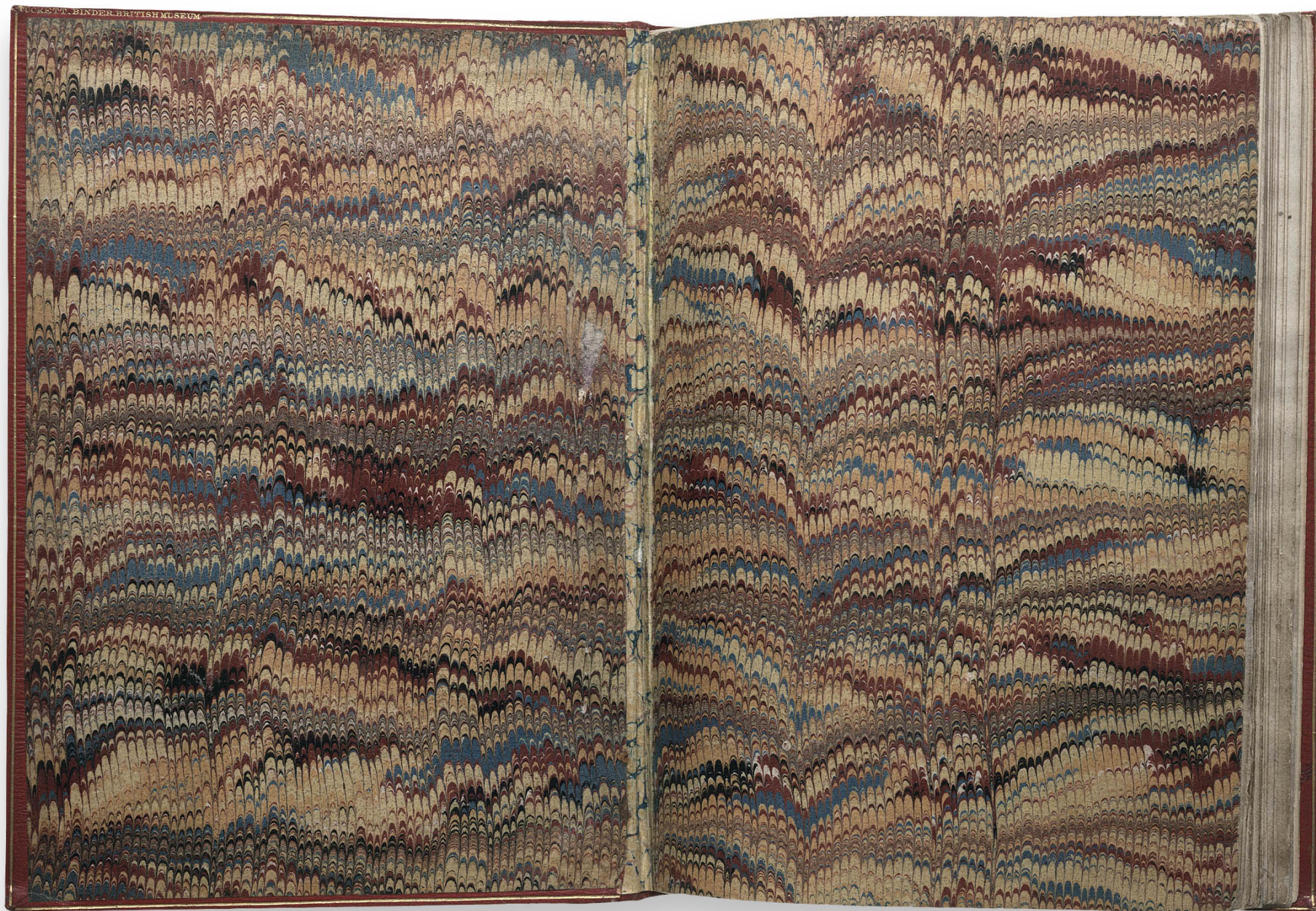
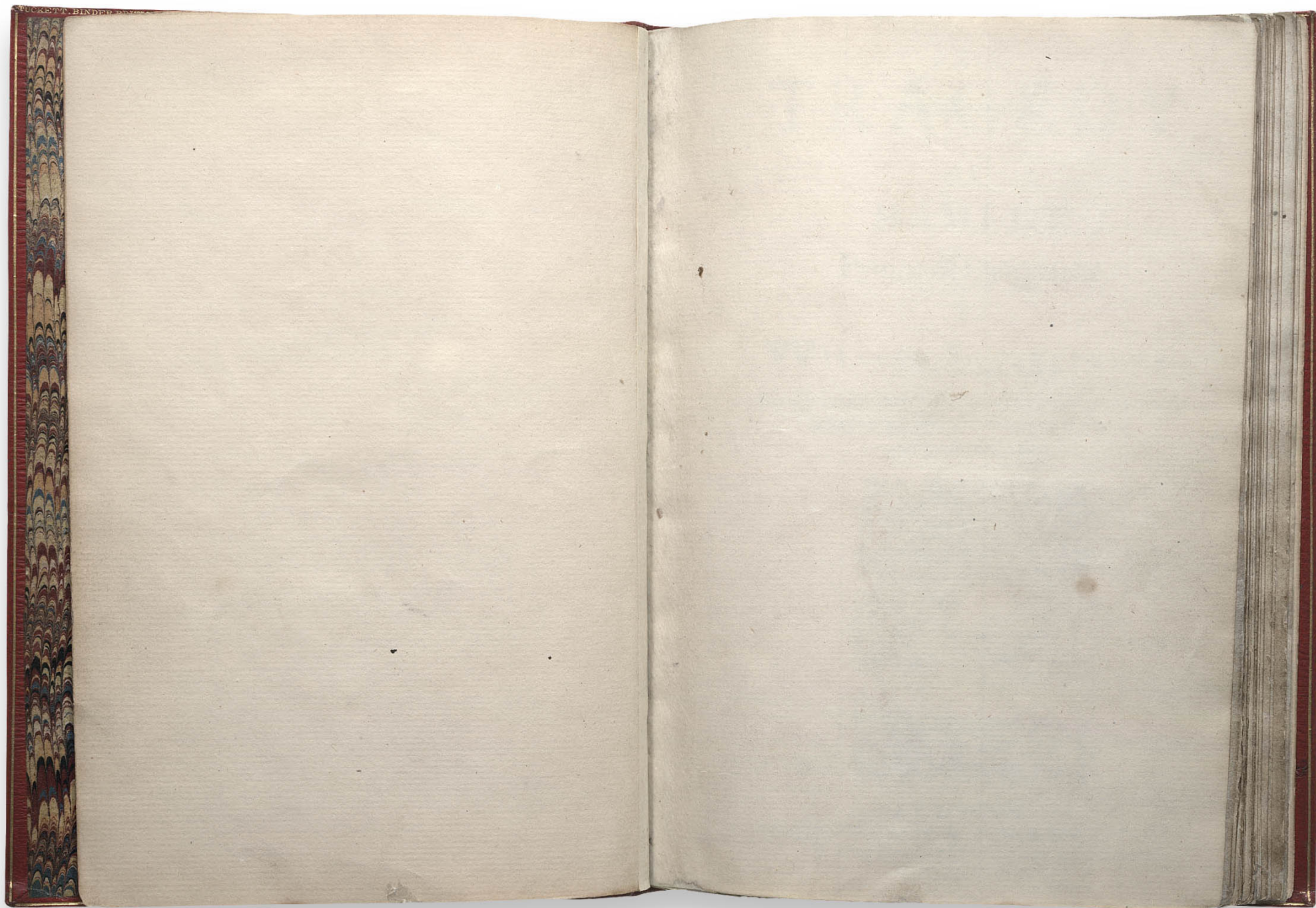


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SHAKESPEARE. HAMLET. LONDON. 1611

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THE TRAGEDY

OF
HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much
again as it was, according to the true
and perfect Coppy.



AT LONDON,

Printed for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shoppe
in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet.
Under the Diall. 1611.

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The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. **VV** Hise there?
Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and vafold your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnardo.

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,

Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The rituals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farewell honest souldiers, who haue reueid you?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

B

Mar.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Barnardo,

Bar. Say what is Horatio there?

Hora. A peece of him,

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,

Hora. What ha's this thing appeared againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio sayes tis but a fantasie,

And will not let beleefe take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,

Therefore I haue intreated him along,

With vs to watch the minuts of this night,

That if againe this apparition come,

Hee may approue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe awhile,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

That are so fortified against our story,

What wee haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well sit wee downe,

And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same starre thats westward from the pole,

Had made his course rillume that part of heauen

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe.

The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes a-
(gaine,

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it Horatio.

Hora. Most like, it horrorres me with feare & wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it Horatio.

Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,

Together with that faire and warlike forme,

In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march: by heauen I charge the speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See how it stalkes away.

Hora

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake. Exit Ghost.

Ma. Tis gone and will not answer.

Bar. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale,

Is not this something more then phantasie?

What thinke you of it?

Hora. Before my God I might not this beleuee,

Without the sencible and true auouch

Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe:

Such was the very Armor hee had on,

When hee the ambitious Norway combated,

So frownde hee once when in an angry parle

Hee smote the sleaded pollax on the ice,

Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this dead houre,

With Martiall stauke hath hee gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,

But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,

Why this same strict and most obseruant watch

So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,

And with such dayly cost of brazen Cannon

And forraine marte for implements of warre,

Why such imprcesse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske

Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,

What might bee toward, that this sweaty hast

Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,

Who ist that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I.

Atleast the whisper goes so, our last King,

Whose image euen but now appead to vs,

Was as you know by Fortinbrasse of Norway,

Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride

Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant Hamlet,

(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)

Did slay this Fortinbrasse, who by a seald compact

Well ratified by law and Heraldry

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which hee stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had hee beene vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the articles desaigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolute
For food and diet to some enterprife
That hath a stomake in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast and romeage in the land,

Bar. I thinke it be no other but euen so;
Well may it fort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
The graues stood tenantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Romane streets
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And euen the like precurse of fearece euent
As harbingers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghost.

But

Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe
He crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound or vse of voice,
Speake to mee, if there be any good thing to bee done
That may to thee doe ease and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy contries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd,
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. *The Cocke*
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus.* *crowes.*

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone,

We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crew:

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre,
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abroad
The nights are wholesome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

The Tragedy of Hamlet

So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
Breake wee our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what wee haue seen to night
Vnto yong Hamlet, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent wee shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where wee shall find him most conuenient.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmarke, *Gertrude* the
Queene, *Cornwall*: as *Polonius*, and his Sonne *Laertes*,
Hamlet cum Aliis.

Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memory bee greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe and our whole kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That wee with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our *Queene*
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue wee as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue wee herein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes that you know yong *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to bee disioynt, and out of frame
Colegued with this dreame of his aduantage
Hee hath not faild to pester vs with message

Importing

Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue here writ
To *Normay* Vncle of yong *Fortenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress
His further gate heerein, in that the leuiues,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
Forbearers of this greeting to old *Normay*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allow:

Farwell, and let your hast commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?

You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes*?

You cannot speake of reason to the Dane

And lose your voyce; what wouldst thou begge *Laertes*?

That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking,

The head is not more natiue to the heart:

The hand more instrumentall to the mouth

Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,

What wouldst thou haue *Laertes*?

Lar. My dread Lord.

Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,

From whence though willingly I came to Denmarke,

To show my duty in your Coronation;

Yet now I must confesse, that duty done

My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward France,

And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord wrung from me my slow leaue

By laboursome petition, and at last

Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

The Tragedy of Hamlet.

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,

Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou knowst tis common all that liues must dye,
Passing through a nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee
Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake could smother,
Nor customary futes of solemne black,
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath,
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiectioned haurior of the visage,
Together with all formes, moodes, shapes of grieffe
That can deuote me truely, these indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which passes shoue,
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father,
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowes, but to perseuer
In obstinate condollement, is a course
Of impious stubbornesse, tis vnmanly grieffe,
It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen,
A hart vnfortified, or minde imparient,
An vnderstanding simple and vn schoold,
For what we know must be, and is as common

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peenish opposition
Take it to hart, he, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that dyed to day
This must be so : we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most imediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobility of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going back to schoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeft courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obay you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocund health that *Denmarke* drinckes to day,
But the great Cannon to the clowdes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder ; come away. *Florish. Exeunt all*

Ham. O that this too too fallied flesh would melt, but *Hamlet*.
Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst scale slaughter, O God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world ?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden,
That growes to seed, things ranck and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereley that it should come thus

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satire, so louing to my mother;
That he might not betee me the winds of heauen
Visit her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman.
A little month. Or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers body
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father.
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married Oh! most wicked speed; to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

Enter *Horatio*, *Marcellus* and *Bernardo*.

Hora. Haile to your Lordshippe.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my.

Hora. the same my Lord; and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,

And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord;

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir);

But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do my eare that violence

To make it truster of your owne report

Against your selfe, I know you are no truant;

But what is your affaire in *Elsonowre*?

Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, christ, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,

Would I had met my dearest foe in Heauen

Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*.

My father me thinks I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while

With an attentiu eare till I may deliuer

Vpon the witnesse of these gentlemen

This maruaile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen

Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,

In the dead wast and middle of the night

Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father

Armed at poynt, exactly *Cap a pea*

Appeares before them, and with solemne march,

Goes slowe and statly by them; thrice he walkt

By their opprest and feare surpris'd eyes,

Within this trorchions length, whilst they distil'd

Almost to gelly, with the act of feare

Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,

In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

Whereas they had deliuered both in time,

Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes: I knew your father,

C 2

These

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht,

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Nora. My Lord I did;

But answer made it none, yet once mee thought

It lifted vp it head and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But euen then then the morning Cock crew loude,

And at the sound it shruncke in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Nora. As I doe liue my honor, d Lord tis true

And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duety

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeepe sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. Wee doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Nora. O yes my Lord, hee wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't hee frowningly?

Nora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Nora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Nora. Most constantly,

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Nora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, staid it long?

Nora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundredth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Nora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griss'd, no.

Nora. It was as I haue scene it in his life.

A fable siluer'd.

Printe of Denmarke.

Ham. I will watch to night

Perchance twill walke againe.

Nora. I warn't it will

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,

He speake to it though hell it selfe should gape

And bid mee hold my peace; I pray you all

If you haue hetherto conceald this sight

Let it be tenable in your silence still,

And what what soeuer els shall hap to night,

Give it an vnderstanding but no tongue,

I will requite your loue, so fare you well:

Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue

Ile visit you.

All. Our duety to your honor.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell,

My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,

I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,

Till then sit still my soule, foule deedes will rise

Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes,

Exit,

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessities are inbarckt, farewell,

And sister as the winds giue benefit

And conuay, in assistant do not sleepe

But let me heare from you,

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his fauour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,

A Violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute

No more.

Ophe. Mo more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not grow alone,

In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes

The inward seruice of the mind soule

Growes wide withall, perhaps hee loues you now,

Ane now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch

The vettue of his will, but you must feare,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

His greatnes waide, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnalewed persons doe,
Craue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdom so farre to beleue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open,
To his vnmaistred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
The canker gaules the infant of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent,
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels though none else neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Show me the steepe and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puffed and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for shame,

Printe of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staied for, there my blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
But do not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnpledgd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but beeing in,
Bear't that th'opposer may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but reserue thy iudgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Ar of a most select and generous, cheefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dultheth the edge of husbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then bee false to any man:
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you, goe, your seruants tend,

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell *Exit. Laertes.*

Pol. what ist *Ophelia* hee hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis told me hee hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bountieous,

If

The Tragedy of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Vnlistned in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrased)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cocks, I doe know
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not tak't for fire: from this time
Be some-thing scancer of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tender may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments show
But meere implorators of vnholly suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

Have

Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so 'slander any moments leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke

Hor. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A Flourish of drums*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets and 2. peeces goes off.*

Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowse.
Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme and trumpet, thus Bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,

But to my mind, though I am natie heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle East and West
Makes vs tradu'cd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chanches in particuler men,
That for some vitious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Sinc nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of reason,
Or by some habite that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that thise men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

D.

Being

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinit as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandal,

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ò answere mee,
Let mee not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones heard in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein wee saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat Steele
Reuisites thus the glimmes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should wee doe?

Beckons.

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should bee the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Prince of Denmarke.

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you towards the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe
That bettels ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might depriue your soueraignty of reason,
And draw you into madnesse, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyces of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord,

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty artire in this body
As hardy as the Nemean Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me,
I lay away, goe one, Ile follow thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alasse poore Ghost,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
to what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake I am bound to here,

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my daies of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentines:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, O list,
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost I find thee apt,
And duller shouldest thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'st thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole care of Denmarke
Is by a forged proesse of my death
Ranckely abused: but know thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule! my Vncle:

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamfull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous *Queene*;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed

And pray on garbage.

But lo! me thinkes I scent the morning ayre,

Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,

My custome alwayes of the afternoone,

Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stoie

With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,

And in the porches of my eares did poure,

The leaprous distilment, whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

That swift as quicksilver it courses through

The naturall gates and allies of the body,

And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse

And curde like eager droppings into milke,

The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,

And a most instant tetter barked about

Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust

All my smooth body:

Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,

Of life, of Crowne, of *Queene* at once dispatch,

Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,

Vnnuzled, disappointed, vn-anueld,

No reckning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head,

O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To pricke and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen! O earth! what else,
And shall I coupple hell, O fie! hold, my heart,
And you my sinnowes; grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuall fond records,
All sawe of bookes, all formes, all pressuures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most prenicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine.
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord?

Hor. O, wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.

Both. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For euery man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hor. These are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-maister't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, scholiers, and souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hor. What i'ft my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue scene to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hor. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Mar. Wee haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear,

Ham. *hic, & ubique*, then wee leaue our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Swear by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke it h' earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner once more remooue good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth Horatio
Then are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Antike disposition on

That you at such times seeing mee, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phraze,
As, well, well wee know, or wee could and if wee would,
Or if wee list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of mee, this do swear,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,

Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe't expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt. O cursed spight!
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these two notes Reynaldo.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe maruelous wisely good Reynaldo,
Before you visite him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris.
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as't were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this Reynaldo?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y't be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may got so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fy, as you may season it in the charge.

E

You

The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently.
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-breake of a fiery mind;
A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefor should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,

And I beleue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these flight sullies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soyld with working;
Marke you, your party in conuerse, him you would sound;
Hauing euer scene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir does a this, a doos: what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something.
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
I saw him yesterday, or th' other day.
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such or such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdom, and of reach,
With windlesse: and with assaies of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

Shall

Prince of Denmarke.

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord,

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Polo. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Polo. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his shirr, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had beene loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Polo. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe. My Lord I do not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Polo. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it; long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauiing vp and downe,
He raised a sigh so pittious and profound,
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a doores he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

E 2

Polo,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extacy of loue,
Whose violent property forgoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That dooes affl. & our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters: and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but beshrow my Ielousies:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencrans and
Gyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencrans and Gyldensterne,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hasty sending, something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That beeing of so young daies brought vp with him,
And sith so neighbored to his youth and hau. r,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So

Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnkowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lies within our remedy.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sith I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whome he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to intreaty.

Guyld. But we both obey,
And here give vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete

King. Thanks Rosencrans, and gentle Gyldensterne,

Quee. Thanks Gyldensterne, and gentle Rosencrans.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne: goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guyld. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Ros. and Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' embassadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast beene the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soule.

Both to my God, and to my gracious King;

And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine

Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure

As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found

The very cause of Hamlets lunacy.

King. O speake of that, that do I long to heare.

E. 3

Pol.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the frute to that great feast,

King. Thy felie doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our hasty marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall list him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volc. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnesse, whereat greu'd
That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breese obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle, neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiesty:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers,
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,
Most welcome home, *Exeunt Embassadors.*

Pol. This busines is well ended,

Printe of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiefty should be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waite night, day, and time,
Therefore breuity is the soule of wit,
And tediousnes the limmes and outward florishes:
I will be breese your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What ist but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe,

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remains
That wee find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remains and the remainder thus
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

*To the Celestiall and my soules Idol, the most beauti-
fied Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus
in her excellent white bosome, these &c.*

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Don't thou the starres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth mooue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O decre *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to rec-
ken my groanes, but that I loue thee best, Oh most best be-
leeue it! adew. Thine euermore most deare Lady, whilst this
machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shown me, (*Hamlet.*
and more about hath his sollicitings

As

The Tragedy of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiue'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?

As I perceiue'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my Daughter told me, what might you,

Or my deare Maiesty your Queene heere thinke,

If I had plaid the Deske, or Table booke,

Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,

Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

And my yong Mistrisse this I did bespeake,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy starre,

This must not bee: and then I prescripts gaue her

That she should locke her selfe from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens.

Which done she tooke the fruites of my aduise,

And hee repel'd a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,

Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,

Into the madnes wherein now hee raues,

And all wee mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may bee very like.

Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,

That I haue positiuely said, tis so,

When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;

If circumstances leade mee, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

King. How may wee try it forther?

Pol. You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. Soe he does indeede.

Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,

Be you and I behind an Arras then,

Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,

And bee not from his reason false thereon

Let me be no assistant for a state

But keepe a farme and carters.

King. Wee will trye it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away. *Exit King and Quee.*

Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger,

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I fir to be honest as this world goes,

Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being
a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't,

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he
knew me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my yecuth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord,

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir; for the satericall rogue saies here, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thick Amber, & plum-tree gum, & that they haue a plen-
tisfull

F

The Tragedy of Hamlet

isfull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which fir though I most powerfully and potently belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall grow old as I am; iflike a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, wil you walke our of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeepe that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be dliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I wil take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildenstjerne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. God saue you fir.

Guy. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My exelent good friends, how dost thou *Guildenstjerne*?

A Rosencrans, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guy. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you lue about her wast, or in the middle of her *sa*

Guy. Faith her priuates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonore*?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thank you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halpenny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guy. What should we say my Lord?

Ham.

Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Any thing but to th purpose; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modestyes haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowshippe, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no-

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you, if you loue me hold not off-

Guy. My Lord wee were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King and Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes soe heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to mee but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beauty of the world; the parragon of Annimales, and yet to mee, what is this Quintessence of dust? man delights not mee nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord there was no such stoffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shal receiue from you, wee coted them on the way, and hether are the coming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiesty shal haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous Knight shal vse his foyle and target, the louer shal not sing gratis, the humorous man shal end his part in peace and the Lady shal say her mind freely: or the blanke verse shal hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of th Citty.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How chances it the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophy could find it out. *A Flourish.*

Guy. There are the players

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th'apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you must shoue fayrely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guy. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hauke, from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guyldensterne*, & you to, are each eare a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy that he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right sir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz,

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comicall, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.

Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot bee too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee lo-ued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to heare me in *Demark*? what my young lady and Mistris, by lady your ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Faukners, flie at any thing wee see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t'was cauiary to the general, but it was as I receiued it & others, whose iudgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallers in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phraze that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrhus* like Thirceanian

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Beast, tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pirrhous*, hee
whose fable arnes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is hee totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streetes
Than lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion,

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerved father falls:

Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pyrrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as wee often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anone the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *pyrrhus* pause,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for proose eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and folles from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ha. It shal to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a lig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepest, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled *Queene*,

Ham. The mobled *Queene*.

Polo. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames

With *Bison* rhume, a clout vpon that head

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,

About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,

A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.

Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steep't,

Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd;

But if the gods themselues did see her then,

When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,

The instant burst of clamor that she made,

Vnlesse thing; mortall moue them not at all,

Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen.

And passion in the gods,

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares
in's eyes prethee no more,

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you
heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his
desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne
honour and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merit is
in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ha. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; dost thou
here

The Tragedy of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

Play, I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hau't to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would see downe and insert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to Elsonoure.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ros. Good my Lord.

Exit.

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and peasant slaue an I!

Is it not monstrous that this player heere

But in a fexion, in a dreame of passion

Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, and his whole function suting

With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,

For Hecuba.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,

That he should weepe for her? what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for passion

That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,

Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and most deare life,

A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,

Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throat

As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,

Hah! wounds I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pigdion liuerd, and lacke gall

To

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this

I should haue fatted all the region kytes

With this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,

Remorselesse, treacherous, litcherous, kindlesse villaine.

Why what an Assc am I? this is most braue,

That I the sonne of a deere father murdered,

Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,

Must like a whore vnpack my heart with words,

And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallion, sic yppont, soh.

About my braines, hum, I haue heard,

That guilty creatures sitting at a play,

Haue by the very cunning of the scene,

Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently

They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:

For murder though it haue no tongue will speake

With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these Players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,

Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doblench

I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene

May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power

To assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps,

Out of my weaknesse and my melancholly,

As hee is very potent with such spirits,

Abuses mee to damne mee; Ile haue grounds

More relatiue then this, the play's the thing

Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King.

Exit.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Gyl-
densterne, Lords*

King. And can you by no drift of conference

Get from him why hee puts on this confusion,

Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Ros. He dooes confesse he feelles himselfe distracted,

But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.

Gyl. Nor do wee find him forward to be founded,

But with a crafty madnes keepes aloofe

When we would bring him on to some confession

G.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players

We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,

And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy

To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,

And as I thinke, they haue already order

This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,

And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties

To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,

And it doth much content me

To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a futher edge:

And driue his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt Ros. & Guy.

King. Sweet Gertrard, leaue vs two,

For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hether,

That he as t'were by accident, may heere

Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,

Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,

We may of their encounter franckely iudge,

And gather by him as he is behau'd,

Ist be th'affliction of his loue or no

That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

And for my part Ophelia, I doe wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlets wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues

Will bring him to his wonted way againe,

To both your honours.

Ophe. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walke you heere: gracious so please you,

Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,

That show of such an exercise may collour

Your lowlinesse; we are oft too blame in this,

Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage

And pious action, we doe sugar ore

The Diuell himselfe.

King. O tis too true,

How smart a lath that speech doth giue my conscience?

The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,

Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,

Then is my deede to my most painted word:

O heauy burthen:

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,

Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer

The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,

Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles;

And by opposing end them: To die to sleepe

No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end

The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks

That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation

Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,

To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,

For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come?

When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle

Must giue vs pause, there's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,

Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely;

The pangs of office, and the lawes delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurnes

That patient merriit of th'vnworthy takes,

When himselfe might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,

To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?

But that the dread of something after death,

The vndiscover'd country, from whose borne

The Tragedy of Hamlet

No trauailer returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flie to others that wee know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natue hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.

And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to re-delieu,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beauty.

Ophe. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerce
Then with honesty?

Ham. I truely, for the power of beauty will sooner transforme honesty
from what it is to a baude; then the force of honesty can trans-
late beauty into his likeness, this was sometime a paradox, but now
the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord you made me beleeue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so
euacuat our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loued you not.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sin-
ners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of
such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am
very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I haue thoughts to put them in, imaginatiō to giue them shape,
or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do crawling be-
tweene earth and heauen? we are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs.
go thy waies to a Nunry, Wher's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dow-
rie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape ca-
lumny get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,
marry a foole, for wise men know well enough what monsters you
make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath gi-
uen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig and am-
ble, and you list you nickname Gods creaturs, and make your wan-
tonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde,
I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all
but one shal liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Ophe. O what a noble mind is heere othrowne!
The courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the hony of his musick vovoes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacy. O wo is me
Th'haue scene what I haue scene, see what I see.

Exit.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue: his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expell
This something fetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I belecue the origen and comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs what *Lord Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To shew his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trip-
pingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do,
I had as liue the to wne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the aire
too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very tor-
rent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must
acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, Or it
offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellow

tere

Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground
lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable
dumbe shewes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-
dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion bee
your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with
this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modesty of na-
ture: For any thing so ore-dooe, is from the purpose of playing,
whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere
the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature, scorne her own
Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure.
Now this ouer-done, or come trady off, though it makes the vnskil-
full laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the censure of
which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of o-
thers. O there bee Players that I haue seene play, and heard others
prayd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither ha-
uing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor
man, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Na-
tures Iournemen had made men, and not made them well, they imita-
ted humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ha. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes
speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that
will themfelues laugh, to set on some quantity of barraine spectators
to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of
the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most
pittifull ambition in the soole that vses it: goe make you ready. How
now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Gyldesterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently,

Ham. Bid the Plaiers make hast. Wil you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What how, *Horatio.*

Enter Horatio.

Hora. Heere sweete Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Nay, do not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenuew hast but thy good spirits
To feede and cloathe thee, why should the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick obsurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, doost thou heare,
Since my deere soule was mistris of her choyce,
And could of men distinguish her election
Shath seald thee for her selfe, for thou hast beene
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thankes; and blest are those
Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To sound what stoppe shee please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that wee haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eyes will riuert to his face,
And after wee will both our iudgements ioync
In censure of his seeming.
Hora. Well my Lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Vniuersity you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,

Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so Capitall a calfe there.

Bethe Players ready?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother heere's mettle more attractiue;

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my Mother lookes, and my
father died within's two howres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for he haue a
sute of fables; O heauens, die two months ago, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live his life halfe a
yeare, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for
O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

H

Enter

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Trumpets sound. Dumb show follows.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lies him downe upon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him a sleepe, leaues him: anon comes in an other man, take's off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysoner wooes the Queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry tis munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow,
The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell us what this show meant?

Ham. I or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round,
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dosen moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutually in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneys may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue bee doone,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz't, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou shalt liue in this fare world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest.
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first.
The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. That's
wormwood.

King. I doe beleue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of either, grieve, or ioy,
Their owne ennaatures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy grieves, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change,
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or else fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hether too doth loue on fortune ten d,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Direclly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from mee day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with sleepe,

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twane.

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murder done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the *Dukes* name, his wife
Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what
of that? your maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it touches vs not,
let the gauled lade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lu-*
siannus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwene you and your loue

Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue
thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauens doth bel-
low for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit and time agreeing,
Considerat sealon els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poysons him i th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonza-*
go, the story is extant and written in very choice Italian, you shall see
anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but Ham, and Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the stroken deere goe weepe,

The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir and a Forrest of fea-
thers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turke with me, with prouinci-
all Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme diuanted was
Of Ioue himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand
pound. Didst perceauce?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the poysoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, com the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencrans, Gyldesterne,

Gyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole history.

Gyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Doctör, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would per-
haps plunge him into more choller.

Gyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtisie is not of the right breed, if
it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswer, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord,

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, nay mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behauiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is
there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?

Ros. my Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. Good my Lord; what is your cause of distemper, you do sure-
ly barre the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes
to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ros. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King him-
selfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something
musty, oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why
do you goe about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue
me into a toyle?

Gyl. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Gyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gyl. Beleue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Gyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fin-
gers, and the thumbe giue it breath with your mouth, and it will dis-
course most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stoppes.

Gyl. But these cannot I commaund to any vtrance of harmonie,
I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of
me, you would play vpon me, you would seeme to know my stops,
you would plucke out the hart of my misterie, you would sound mee
from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique ex-
cellēt voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s blood
do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what in-
strument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me.
God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queene wou'd speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th masse and tis like a Camell indeede,

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such businesse as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature! let not euer,
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome!
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them scales neuer my soule consent.

Exit.

Enter King, Roseneraus, and Gnyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth hourly grow,
Out of his browes.

Gnyl. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulse doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose hugh spokes, tenn thousand lesser things
Are mortecist and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment, pety consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall growne.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voi age,
For we will setters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will haue vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my selfe
To here the proffesse, I'll warrant shee'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it sayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I know.

Exit.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is rancke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my stronge entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh! what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther;
That cannot be since I am still posset
Of those affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

I

May

The Tragedy of Hamlet

May one be pardoned and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may show by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buies out the law, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence: what then, what rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, O bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make assay,
Bow stubborn knees and hart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and silly.-----not reuendge,
A rooke my father grosely, full of bread,
Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No,
Vp sword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game, a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

Then

Printe of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,
This phisicke but prolongs thy sickly daies.

Exit.

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe.

Exit.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
With-draw, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou hast rhy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue,

Ham. Goe goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,

And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse

Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe hoe.

Polo. What hoe helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am slaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou findst to bee too busie is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,
If damned custome haue not braid it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou darst wagge thy tongue
In noyse so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, Oh such a deed!
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very soule; and sweet religion makes
A rapsody of words; heauens face dooes glow
Ore this solidiry and compound masse
With heared visage, as against the doome
Is thought-sick at the act.

Quee. Ay me what act?

Ham. That roares so low'de and thunders in the Index,
Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeite presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on his browe,
Hiperions curls, the front of Ioue him-selfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination and so rme indeede,
Where euery God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholesome brother: haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batton on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was neere so thral'd
But it reseru'd some quantity of choyce
To serue in such a difference. What diuell wast
That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sence all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiue doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such black and greued spots
As will leaue there their tin'g.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the rancke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to mee no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderher and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heavenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alasse hee's mad.

Ham. Doe youe not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
Th' important acting of your dread command. O say!

Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alasse how i't with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foordth at your eyes your spirrits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th' alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true collour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whome doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liue'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation, extacy is very cunning in

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespasse but my madnesse speakes,
It will bur skin and filme the vlceroous place,
Whiles rancke corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the farnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet*! thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frocke or Liuary
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And Maister the diuell, or throw him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
He blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so.

To

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mousc,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your necke with his damnd fingers.
Make you to rone all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, 'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bar, a gib,
Such deare conceuings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispiht of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that,

Ger. Alacke I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellows,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweepe my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the engineer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
He luge the guts into the neighbour roomes;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrans
and Gyldesterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues;
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrud*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!
It had beene so with vs had we beene there,
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnesse like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done,

King. *Gertrud*, com away,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But wee will shippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee must with all our Maiesty and skill
Both countenance and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Gnyld.*
Ho Gnyldensterne,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath Polonius slaine,
And from his mothers closter hath hee drag'd him,
Goe seeke him out speake sayre and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come Gertrard, wee'le call vpon our wisest friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanch,
Transports his poysoned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but softly, what noyse, who calls on Hamlet?
O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleuee it.

Ros. Beleuee what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile and not mine owne, besides
to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by
the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end, he
keepesthem like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-
sing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepest in a foolish care.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs
to the King,

Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the
body. The King is a thing.

Gnyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Or nothing, bring me to him.

Exeunt.

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Ros. Where the dead body is beflowd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Hoe, bring in the Lord.

They Enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conua-
cation of politrique wormes are een at him: your worme is your only
Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our
selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but varia-
ble seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasse, alasse.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King,
eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progresse
through

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The Tragedy of Hamlet

through the guttes of a begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him ith other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vpp the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deede for thine especiall safety Which wee do tender, as wee deerely greeue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence: Therefore prepare thy selfe, The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'assotiats tend, and euery thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them, but come for England, Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother: Come for England, *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with speede abourd, Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night, Away, for euery thing is seald and done That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make hast, And England if my loue thou hold'st at ought, As my great power thereof may giue thee sence, Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red, After the Danish sword, and thy freee awe Payes homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full By letters congruing to that effect The present death of Hamlet, do it England, For like the Hectique in my blood hee rages,

Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere beginne. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Arme ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Capitaine, from mee greet the Danish King, Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse* Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march Ouer his kingdome, you know the rendezuous, If that his maiesty would ought with vs, Wee shall expresse our duty in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. The are of Norway sir.

Ham. How proposd sir I pray you?

Cap. Aainst some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old Norway, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir?

Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truely to speake, and with no addition, We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it

Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole

A rancker rate, should it bee sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollacke neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garisond.

Ham. Two thousand foules and twenty thousand duckets Will not debate the question of this draw, This is th'impostume of much wealth and peace, That inward breakes and shewes no cause without Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a lirtle before, How all occasions do informe against mee,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feed, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in vs vnusd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and wil and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffed,
Makes mouthes at the inuisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vn Timer,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staine'd,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her,
Gm. She is importunat,
Indeed distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gen. She speaks much of her father, sayes shee heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And borch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winckes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeepe would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vn Timer.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
So full of artlesse ielousie is guilt,
It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmarke?

Quee. How now Ophelia.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse Greene turph, at his heeles a stone.

Oho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go
With true loue showers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter,
Lord wee know what wee are, but know not what wee may be,
God be at your table.

King.

King.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this:

To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayd at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dōd his close, and dūpt the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint charity,

alacke and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(He answers) So should I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse

but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile.

Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.

Sweet Laides! God night, God night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers

death, and now behold, O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,

When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,

But in battalians: first her Father slaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholesome in thoughts, and whispers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare

With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,

Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,

Will nothing stick our person to arraigne

In eare and care: O my deare *Gertrard*, this

Like to a murdring-peece in many places

Giues me superfluous death.

A noyse within.

Enter a messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swissers, let them guard the doore,

What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.

The Ocean ouer-peering of his list.

Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast

Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head

Ore-bears your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to beginne,

Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,

The ratifiers and props of euery word,

The cry choofe we, *Laertes* shall be King,

Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noyse within.*

O this is counter, you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue mee leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: keepe the doore, O thou vile King,

Giue me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaimes me Bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot

Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched browe

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*

That thy rebellion lookes so Giant-like?

L.

I et

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinity doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot peepe to what it would,
Ad's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead,

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demandaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell alegiance, vowes to the blackest diuell,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reuengd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds;
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
The shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere father, i't writ in your reuenge,
That soope-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repaist them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sencible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noyse is that?

Prince of Denmarke.

O heate, dry vp my braines, tear es seauen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, Song.
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dasie, I would
giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will a not come againe, Song.

And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,

He neuer will come againe.

His beard was as white as snow,

Flaxen was his pole,

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,

God a mercy on his soule, and all Christians foules,

God buy yous.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you dency me right, goe but a part,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Make choice of whome your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kindome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophæ, sword, nor hachment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th' Offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you,

Hora. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet. *Enter Saylers*

Say. God bleffe you sir.

Hora. Let him bleffe thee too.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
from th' Embassador that was bound for England, if your name bee
Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt haue ouer-look't this, giue these fel-
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Lecters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, we put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner, they haue dealt
with me like the eues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to
doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
repayre thou to mee with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death.
I haue words to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are
they

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes
will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guildesterne* hold their
course for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will make you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whome you brought them.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must y our conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life:

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceede not against these scates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnes, wisdom, all things els,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnknown'd,
But yet to me tha'r strong, the Queené his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymbered for so loued armes,
Would haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperat termes,
Whose worth, if prayles may got backe againe

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stufte so flat and dull,
That we can let our berd be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we loue our selfe;
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messe. These to your Maiesty, this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

Messe. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdome,
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall,
first asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my sud-
daine returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis Hamlets character. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very sicknes in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vnder take it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vnncharge the practise,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in Hamlets hearing for a quality
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuy from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest sledge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then settled age, his sables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two monthes since
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horse-backe, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp't, and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.

King. I he very same.

Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a maisterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cryd out t'would be a sight indeed

If

The Tragedy of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them; fir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenum with his enuy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of wecke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when wee would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurrs by easing; but to the quicke of th' vicer,
Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To show your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church-

King. No place indeede should murder sanctuarize,
Reuengde should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbad, and in a pace of practise,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for the purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibancke
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hau't, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Challice for the once, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stucke,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drownd, O where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke,
That shoves his hoary leaues in the glassy streame,
There with fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weeds

Will

M

Clambrin

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an envious fluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophæus and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature natiue and indew'd
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Lær. Alas then is she drown'd.

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Lær. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speecha fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe.
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

Oth. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
ner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for heere lyes the
poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all, she drown'd her
selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deliuer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the
man,

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will
he, will he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and
drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of
his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i't, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewo-
man, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke
should haue countenance in this world to drown or hang themselues,
more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no aunci-
ent gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold
vp Adams profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the pur-
pose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. what is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the
Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. the gallows-maker, for that out-liues a thousand tennants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows dooes well,
but how dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, now thou
doo'st ill to say the gallows is built stronger then the Church, argal,
the gallows may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.

Clow. I tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull assc will
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question
next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes last tell Doomed day,
Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,

Song.

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behoue,

Q me thought there a was nothing a meet.

M 2

Exeunt

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue making

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ha. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier sence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes
hath clawed mee in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere *Caines* iaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be *Sypate* of a polliticiā, which this *Asse* now ore-reaches. one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse whe a ment to beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knocke about the mazer with a Sextens spade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the trick to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke ont.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,
for and a shrowding sheet;

O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenurs, & his trickes? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sconce with a durty shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The vety conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this firra?

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede for thou lyeest in't.

Clow. You lye out ont fir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye fir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man fir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman fir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeares I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou bene a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that vety day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say,

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue beene Sexton heere man and boy thirty yeares.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poe-
kie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you some
eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare,

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is so rand with his trade, that a will keepe
out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whor-
son dead body, heer's a scull now hath lye'n you i'th earth 23. yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of
Renish on my head once; this same skull fir, was fir Yoricks skull, the
Kings lester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore Yoricke, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite
iest, of most excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-
sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is; my gorge
rises at it. Here hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not how
oft: where be your gibes now? your gambles, your songs, your fla-
shes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one
now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you
to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fa-
uour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashon i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so: pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*: Why may not
imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping
a bung-hole?

Hora. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty
enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was
buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth wee
make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might
they

Prince of Denmarke.

They not stoppe a Beare-barrell?

Impeious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,

Shoulp patch a wall t' expell the waters flaw.

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,

The Queene, the courtiers, who is this they follow?

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,

The corse they follow, did with desprat hand

Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,

Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, make.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doff. Her obsequies haue beene as farre inlarg'd

As we haue warrant, her death was doubtfull,

And but that great command ore-swayes the order,

She should in ground vnsanctified beene lodg'd

Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,

Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:

Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,

Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be dooner?

Doff. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,

To sing a Requiem and such rest to her

As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,

And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh

May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,

A ministring Angell shall my sister be

When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,

I hop't thou should'st haue beene my *Hamlets* wife,

I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,

And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe

Enter King
Quee. *Laertes*
and the corse.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To retop old Pelion, or the skyesh head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an *Emphasis*, whose phraze of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Diuell take thy soule,

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue ash, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand:

King. Plucke them a sander.

Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hor. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him:

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'out doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo't drinke vp *Etil*, eate a *Crocodile*
Ile doo't: doo't come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone

Make

Prince of Denmarke.

Make *Ossa* like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, a dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet,*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gerward* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo's, rashly,
And pray'd be rashnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe fall, and that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N

My

The Tragedy of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commission; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarke's health, and Englands to,
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hora. Is't possible?

Ham. Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,
Deuis'd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord,

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare,
And stand a *Comma* twecne their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shriuing time allow'd.

Hora. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinaunt,
I had my fathers signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th' impression, plac'd it safely,

The

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldersterne* and *Rosencrans* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience; their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced poynts
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
Hee that hath killd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cofsaage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Countier.

Cour. Your Lordshippe is right welcome backe to Denmarke,

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.
Doo'st know this water-fly?

Hora. No my good Lord,

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacious
in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordshippe were at Leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it sir with all dilligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belecue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed,

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very foultry and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultry, as t'were I cannot
tell how: my Lord his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that a has layed
a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember,

Cou. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly
come to court *Laertes*, belesue me an absolute gentlemā, full of most

N 2

excellent

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing kind deede to speake feelingly of him, he is the card or kalender of Gentry: for you shall finde in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his defailement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dizzleth arithmeticke of memory, and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick faile, but in the verity of extolment. I take him to be a soule of great article, and his infusion of such dearch and rarenesse, as to make true dixon of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why do wee wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will doe't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour. Of Laertes.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in fayth if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence Laertes is

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation layd on him by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses against the which he has impaund as I take it six french Rapiers and Poynards, with their asignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the cariages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate cariages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the cariages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more German to the matter if wee could carry a Cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then, but on, six Barbary horses against six french swords their asignes, and three liberall conceited cariages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it please his Maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with mee, let the foyles be brought, the Gentleman wilinge, and the Kinge hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so sir with his dudge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drossy age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of misty collection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and trennowned opinions, and doe but blowe them to their tryall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiesty commended him to you by younge Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, hee sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure, if his fynes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Lord. The King and Queene and all are coming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lo d. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to Laertes; before you goe to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since hee went into France, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repaire hether and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we desie augury, there is speciall providence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let bee.

A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes, And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht With a sore distraction: what I haue done That might your nature, honor, and exception Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnes, Was Hamlet wronged Laertes? neuer Hamlet. If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away, And when hee's not himselfe, doo's wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet doo's it not, Hamlet denies it, Who dooes it then? his madnes. Ist be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged, His madnesse is poore Hamlets enemy, Let my disclaimeing from a purpos'd euill, Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor Istand a loote, and will no reconcilment, Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor I haue a voyce and president of peace To my name vngor'd; but all that time I doe receiue your offerd loue, like loue, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager frankly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkett night Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young Ostricke, cosin Ham. You know the wager,

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layde the ods a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both, But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heavy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon the table,

If Hamlet giue the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The King shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,

And in the cup an Onixe shall he throw,

Richer then that which foure successiue Kings

In Denmarks Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heauens to earth,

Now

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Now the King drinke to Hamlet, come beginne.

And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well, againe.

King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.

Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while

Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,

The Queene carowes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard, doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience,

Ham. Com for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there hoe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. Host ist Laertes?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge. Ostrick

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, O my deare Ham

The drinke, the drinke, I am poysoned.

Ham. O villanie! hoe let the dore be lock't,

Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere Hamlet, thou art slaine,

No theddin in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not halfe an houres life,

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand

Vnbated and enuenum'd, the foule practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe here I lye

Neuer to rise againe: thy mother's poysoned,

I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point enuenum'd to, then venom to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestious damned Dane,

Drinke of this potion, is the Onix heere?

Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe.

Exchange forgiuenes with me noble Hamlet,

Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,

Northine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;

I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.

You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes, or audience to this act,

Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death

Is strict in his arrest. O I could tell you!

But let it be; Horatio I am dead,

Thou liuest, report me and my cause aright

To the vnsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer beleene it;

I am more an antike Romane then a Dane,

Heere's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man

Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this?

*A march
farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
Th' embassidors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th' occurants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hlra. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince,
And flight of Angels singe thee to thy rest.
Why does the drumme come hether?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hlra. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strooke?

Embas. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilld,
That *Rosencrans* and *Guyldenstirne* are dead,
Where should wee haue our thanks?

Hlra. Not from his mouth
Had it th' ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since to iump vpon this bloody question

You

FINIS

You from the *Pollock* warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let mee speake, to th' yet vnknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the inuenters heads: all this can I
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hlra. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will draw no more,
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,
The souldiers musique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere shewes much amisse.
Goe bid the souldiers shoot.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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God hit the soules more,
because the felde, but heere shewes much amiss.
Take up the bodies, such a sight as this
presents for him;
The soules miserie and the right of waite
To have procured mess to all; and for his passage
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
Hence I amitt the a souler to the stage
For I or some Contains
On pliers and errors happen
Then while these minde are wilde, I cast more mischance
But let this same be presently perform'd
And from his mouth, we are voyce will draw no more
For, O that I shall see the cause to speak
Yet know to elme in the doctour me
I am some right of mine in this kingdom
He me with sorrow I embrace my fortune
And call the most to the minde,
For I yet had to beate it.

FINIS.

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